

JOCKEY and WILLY,

20.

The SCOTCH Rivals :

O R,

MOGGY'S Constancy.

A Pleasant SONG.

To an excellent New Tune : Or, K. William's March in Flanders.

Licensed according to Order.



I.

I se love my dear *Moggy*, said *Jockey*, so fair,
So bright are her Eyes, and so shining her Hair,
I se gang o'er the World, if she'd love me again,
But ah ! she loves *Willy*, I see it too plain,
What then must I do, must I se languish and dye ?
Nay, rather to gain her, my broad Sword I se try ;
If *Willy* be conquer'd, my Manhood may prove
A reason that *Moggy* poor *Jockey* may love.

II.

Geud Faith here he comes, where the Deel in such hast ?
To *Moggy* I se warrant yene ganging so fast ;
Says *Willy*, where else but to *Moggy's* kind Arms,
Where kissing, embracing, I se melt with her Charms,
Whilst on her soft Bosome, my Head I do rest,
I se more than a Monarch do think I am blest :
Says *Jockey*, these Favours to me are most due,
I se saw her, and lov'd her, long time before you.

III.

With Curds, and with Cream, I have treated her long,
I se Piped to her often, and Sung her a Song,
And thought she had lov'd me, till you came to Woce
With new Fashion'd Plad, on your Bonnet so Blue,
But I se not endure it, your broad Sword I se lug out ;
Says *Willy*, I fear you not, tho' you're so stout,
And often have worsted for *Moggy* I se feet,
And rather than quit her, I se dee at her Feet.

IV.

Their dreadful Blades then they with Fury did wield,
And by often wounding, did all bloody the Field,
But as *Willy* fainted, poor *Moggy* came by,
And run in between with a piteous cry,
Their Swords not regarding, but void of all fear,
O Villain, said she, will you murther my Dear ?
Then took she the Sword from her *Willy's* faint hand,
And 'twixt him and Death most courageous did stand.

V.

When *Jockey* confounded at what he had done,
Retir'd without speaking, yet scarce he was gone,
But o'er her poor *Willy* she weeping did fall,
And gave him a Thousand kind kisses withall,
Her Hair, and her Linnen, she tore off with speed,
To bind up the Wounds that so sadly did bleed ;
When kisses reviv'd him, the Sighing did say
Ah *Willy* for loving, thou dearly dost pay.

VI.

But oh cruel *Jockey* ! how durst you impart
A Wound to the Man that is lodg'd in my Heart,
Thou couldst not fauce Loon bereave him of breath,
But at the same time give *Moggy* her Death,
So link'd to each other, our Lives do remain,
That Death striking one, will be sure of the twain,
Chear up my dear *Willy*, to make thee now well,
My Wheel, Churm, and Cheefe-fat, and Wiggan I se sell.

VII.

At this he look'd up, and did blest his kind Fate,
That it had design'd him so constant a Mate ;
Scarce kisses would give them the time more to speak,
While *Moggy* to Crown him, a Garland did make :
Poor *Jockey* saw this, from a Brake were he stood,
And grieving for shedding a true Lover's Blood,
He halted, and on his Knees pardon did crave,
The which on Conditions as freely they gave.

VIII.

That he never more should oppose the design
They had in sweet Wedlock's embraces to join,
Nor envy their Happiness, Joy, and Delight ;
Quoth *Jockey*, Deel take me if ever I Fight,
Or trouble my Thoughts about *Moggy* again,
In much love may they for ever remain :
Then Home they did go, with such kindness, and joy,
That Envy, nor Jealousie, ne'er can destroy.

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